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BROADLOOMED HALLS
COMMON AREAS
AND TELEPHONE

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STUDENT
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VOL.5 NO 18

The City Is Our Campus MAY 11, 1972

ACCOMMODATION
FROM
\$12.50
PER WEEK
AND UP

The GLOBE

Clippings From Keele You Asked BlackMe

Erma Collins.



As a Black immigrant teacher in Canada, I find that I am asked many questions which I feel sure are not put to my colleagues who are native. Because the same questions have been posed innumerable times, not only by students, but by people whom I meet socially, I welcome this opportunity to answer them for a large audience. Here goes.

Question:
Did you have any difficulty getting the job?

Answer:
I will begin with a few excerpts from letters written to me by students who have graduated.
In a letter dated February 18, 1972, one lady ended thus: "I am glad I had the opportunity to meet you and hope to have a chance to do so again." In her letter of Feb. 27, 1972, another lady wrote: "At times I find myself wishing I were back at George Brown College, if only to be participating in your English classes." In a second letter, the same lady said: "It is quite true that I had remembered a lot of my English from high school days; it is also true that I had forgotten a lot. It did not take too much to fan my memory, with my having a teacher as fine as you. I regret Brian's (her son) not having a teacher of your calibre."

Oh yes, I have had my fights with some white students, but I never felt that my colour had anything to do with it. I have sometimes detected what I think is a look of shock when some people see their English teacher for the first time. At such times, I pull out all the stops. By the end of the period, the Thomases are convinced that I know what I am talking about. We can then proceed normally.

Question:
Do the Black students identify with you?

Answer:
Yes and no. Those who have accepted their Blackness do so completely. Those who are still trying to wear white masks look the other way when they see me. I do think that the first group is in the majority.
There is one case history that I think is worth sharing. Of course, I will have to refrain from telling you the lady's name. Within the first month of her attending the school, she fought with every teacher but one - me. Perhaps it was because I detected that under the camouflage of bravado there was a basic insecurity and steered clear of her attacks. Towards the end of her course, she initiated a long discussion with me. As she saw it, her academic ambitions had been thwarted by a racist school system in her part of Nova Scotia. Having met me and seeing the confidence with which I operate, (I am not sure I am that confident but she thought so) this lady was determined to go to university and become a "somebody." I know that she did enter U. of T. I lost track of her.

Question:
How do you find the other teachers?

Answer:
They are like all the groups of teachers that I worked with in Jamaica. I am sure that you will get my message if you think of the people who are new to our colleagues, or those who worked with you on your last job, or the job before that, and so on. There is an infinite variety, isn't there? There are those you like and those you don't; those who are dedicated and those who don't seem to be; those who are friendly and those who are aloof; those who are down-to-earth and those who are affected. I could go on and on, couldn't I?

Question:
Do you think that you will ever be promoted?

Answer:

Once again, I will resort to an experience in order to answer that question.

Two summers ago, I took a course in Teaching English As a Second Language. In the middle of the summer, one of the course officials wanted a teacher to take over an evening class for three weeks. He looked at the practice teaching marks that the students had made and offered me the job. At the end of the summer, the vice-principal for that evening school asked me to reserve myself for teaching in the evening programme that he would head the following winter.

What I am really saying is that should I get ambitious, and should I be willing to work and/or (or fight) for some position I wanted, I just might get it. But, on the other hand, I like the classroom; so I will probably never prove whether or not I am right. Moreover, who needs another ulcer. I got one over a man.

Question:

Why did you people leave all that sunshine in the Caribbean and come to a cold place like Canada?

Answer:

Take your pick. Man trouble. Woman troubles. Parent troubles. Money troubles. Politics. Restlessness. Boredom. Ambition. Imitation. Etc.

Question:

This final question needs a prelude. Only one person has asked, but I was so amazed that it has stuck indelibly in my mind. It was "tasked in Toronto; it was asked in Winnipeg. Are you ready for it? Here it is. Are you dark under your clothes too?"

Answer:

What you see is what there is. Peace and love.

Survey

Undoubtedly it is time we got a measure of our worth from you, our readers, and that is the purpose of our survey that appears - or appeared - on page 12 of this issue. We thank you for cooperating with us - if in truth you have - and apologize for impressing it upon you without a decent "by your leave".

We look for this survey to provide us with information about what you want - and don't want - in this paper. We will endeavour to respond, and if you have further thoughts don't hesitate - tell us about them.

Actually in this day of immediate, instantaneous communication, - if it is communication - the written word has suffered in popularity. Writing is an unpopular task and reading suffers from stiff competition. Listening too is an underexploited medium. Speaking is probably way out in front sharing the bulk of our apparent communicating time with passive audio-visual addition, and these two have little memory and less history.

The spoken word, too, is seldom a commitment. But once it is in writing, once it is down in print, there is no dodging the issue - that is what was said. Also there may be much difference of opinion over what was said but, again, there can be no disputing what appears in print.

We will report back to you as soon as we have information on your ideas and wishes - it can only help us to improve the Globe, and we appreciate the interest shown by the administration in our endeavours. Their assistance is most welcome.

FEE INCREASE

The recent announcement by the Provincial Government of an increase in post-secondary tuition fees will affect applicants to the Metro Community Colleges for September 1972. The \$100.00 increase in tuition will bring the total cost in tuition fees to \$250.00 per academic year. This amount excludes student activity.

Computer Confusion Predicted

George Brown College makes history with first man and wife course-and, in the summer, it includes the kids too! All for the price of one.

Couples who want to become foster parents can prepare for their new roles by taking an accredited course at George Brown College starting next fall.

Co-operating with the college on the course are the Metropolitan Toronto Children's Aid Society, Catholic Children's Aid Society and the Jewish Family and Child Services.

The course will run for 8 months, from Sept. 25 to May 11, 1973. A two-week summer camp session involving the whole family will be included.

Admission requirements for the course are: A doctor's certificate, two references from members of the community, a personal interview.

Fee for the course is \$125. Inquiries should be directed to: The Registrar, George Brown College, Kensington Campus, 21 Nassau St.

photo by Mike Kingston



DOWN GOES THE STAR

Something Of Value

Keele Campus occupies a prominent place in this issue and we thank them for their contribution. We think too they are to be congratulated—it was a campus project done with real dispatch and efficiency. And their copy was a delight to handle, it was so well organized.

A curious flavour comes through in the material from Keele Campus, especially when viewed by those "with it" in the glamour, glitter and glare of downtown Toronto. The image is one of yesterday, a quiet restatement of another day. The smart—and foolish—product of today might snicker and laugh demonstrating, in their shallow observation, the true worth of some of today's judgements.

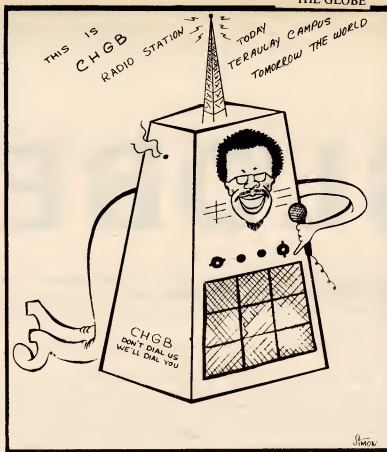
There is something of lasting quality in the Keelomaterial, it may not be entirely mad but nevertheless represents the kinds of values that may weather well. We understand that Keele Campus can point with pride to an excellent placement record among its graduates. This itself is living proof of the quality of their effort.

We are flattered that such a quality house should place their copy with us, notorious as we are for error. Our fingers are crossed as we are in the process of attempting to justify their confidence in us. Again thank you Keele Campus.

RADIO CHGB SORRY

C.H.G.B. would like to say we are sorry if we have inconvenienced the students, staff, and support staff in any way because of the excessive volume coming from the equipment in the cafeteria's.

We are attempting to correct this and we ask your indulgence. Staff-C.H.G.B.



THE MAIL BOX

THANKS!

Dear Sir:

Thank you for providing us with George Brown family news, for we are interested in what our friends are doing and thinking.

Thank you for speaking out on important and sometimes unpopular issues, for there are many flaws to be corrected.

Thank you for producing a vehicle for communication throughout the College, for lack of communication stifles progress and improvement.

Thank you for trying to foster a more cohesive college spirit, for what is a college without college spirit.

A. Nishimura

Business & Commerce.

BORED?

You don't have to be bored you know!

About the things that bring us hope.

Of course you could just sit there and be a dope.

So you're fed up eh? Well that's a shame.

But as far as I'm concerned your lame,

With so much to be done and so much to see,

There's a lot of living yet, believe me.

Why not change your thinking, change your ways?

Probably you'll see better days.

Crowd your hours with people or books,

Get out and see how the Country looks.

Dosomething constructive with your wasted time

Take life itself and shout "It's mine!"

June Trough.

THE GLOBE

"Published by some people at George Brown College"

c/o George Brown College
51 Teraulay Street, Room 409
Toronto 102, Ontario
Telephone: 360-1556

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MUSINGS

Lloyd C. Bowen

Toronto is about to lose its big city look. For the last few days I went up Yonge Street I kept saying to myself that at last we had come of age. There was paper on the pavement; bits of it were blowing in the wind and

other bits were swirling in front of restaurants, boutiques, hamburger joints, book stores, bars, and whatever.

It might have been the Americans—we can blame a lot of them—who created this mystique that garbage in the city is a avantgarde thing. We think that New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles and the other big cities are the dirtiest places in the world and in many respects this is true. We think too that we can tell the state and condition of urban decay by the piles of rotting garbage left in heaps here and there and everywhere in the city. We think a lot of things.

I'm a child of the urban world. By that I mean that I've lived in cities throughout all stages of my life so far. And though the rural world is not foreign to me (I've been out there and I like the wide open spaces) I prefer the city.

I am beginning to notice that we are growing vertically. If you stand in Nathan Phillips Square and look around you the things you'll see are rebuilding towers—what the French call gratte cell—against the sky. There is the Simpson's Tower, the Commerce Court tower, Toronto Dominion Centre with twin spires and a third to come, a sort of trinity of towers I believe, the new Thompson building, a four seasons hotel tower, the new city hall and so on and on. You feel you're at the bottom of a canyon and if you aren't careful there is a creeping feeling of claustrophobia.

We are building all these towers in the name of progress. The banks are building theirs in the name of entrepreneurship. Like kids they want to see who can build theirs higher. We're building too for tourists to come and see and wonder at the skyline and at the marvelous and wonderful achievements of our time as we place brick upon brick, steel beam upon steel beam and precast concrete slab upon precast concrete slab.

Most cities go for I don't really think so. The Europeans have been at city building for a long time and they haven't really felt the great urge to go into the tower of Babel routine. And if you look at their cities you'll find that there is still the humanistic approach to architecture. You can still walk through London, Paris, Rome or wherever and feel that though the city is big there is still the right amount of personal touch in the buildings.

You don't find the same sort of thing with these tall impersonal spires. They have a habit of excluding people. They have an air of efficiency, a no nonsense atmosphere about them which make them cold and impersonal. Look at every one of the new ones along Bay, Queen, Yonge, Bloor and other developmental parts of the city and test for yourself the sort of atmosphere that exists in them or that they exude.

And yet, of course, themogods of bigness will naturally say that these buildings in their present form are important if Toronto or any other modern city in Canada is to grow. Architects, developers, city planners and the rest will tell you that what they're doing to the downtown core of the city is the best way to use commercial space which at any rate is free as you go up. And so going up in a tall cluster is the thing to do. The way to go. The Americans have done all this. Just take a look at their cities. They've one up and up and up. The Empire State building, the Pan-Am Building, Big John in Chicago and so forth.

I think we can, should and must develop a more humanistic type of architecture which in itself would be a medium of concern and regard for people as the basic common denominator. At the moment people are important but as cogs, dolls, numbers, decoration. It is a sign of the impersonalisation of modern society which is apparent in everything we do. At the moment the efficient use of space is of prime importance in all the vertical towers you see in the city. People are secondary and in many respect tertiary or perhaps lower in order of rank.

DATE: May 8, 1972
TO: Faculty, Staff and Students - Teraulay
RE: activity period

As from this week the Activity Period is 3:15 to 4:15 p.m. per our Principal's memo dated May 4th. The Music Department would be happy to see, on Wednesday during the above period, all people interested in OFFERING SOMETHING TO THE COLLEGE (in the form of SINGING and participation in the CHOIR at the City Hall, May 28th SUNDAY, 3 p.m.)

Evening shift students will be able to participate, thanks to the above arrangement.

I teach you to read music and we have occasional social get-togethers.

FRIENDS ARE WELCOMED AND GRADUATE STUDENTS come at 5:30 Wednesday.

KINDEST WISHES!

Margaret Booth,
Music Director SEE YOU

WEDNESDAY - 3:15 - ROOM 355

**GEORGE BROWN COLLEGE
OF APPLIED ARTS & TECHNOLOGY**

Cosmopolitan
MUSIC FESTIVAL

CITY HALL

MAIN FLOOR

SUN. MAY 28, 72. 3.00 PM.

Choir
Soloists
Dancers

MUSIC DIRECTOR -
MARGARET F. BOOTH
PIANIST -
JOHN STEPHENS



THE CHINESE STUDENT ASSOCIATION
of George Brown College of Applied Arts and Technology

佐治市勤工學事學院 中國同學會

Due to the general interest in Chinese, Chinese Students Association is now offering an elementary Cantonese course in The Globe. This course has been especially prepared for those who wish to learn Cantonese in a reasonably short time with or without teacher. Lessons in this course comprise simple idiomatic expressions and sentences which are commonly used in everyday conversation. The structure of the lessons enables the student to advance in easy stages, commencing with short sentences and progressing to longer sentences. The phrases and sentences in this course have word-for-word translations, making the Chinese grammar easy to understand. Those who are interested, keep every issue for reference.

Lesson 4 Long Sentences 長句

Ni-ti hai mat-yě? <i>This is what?</i>	呢的係乜嘢? <i>What is this?</i>
Ngoh m toh ts'ing-ch'oh. <i>I'm not much clear.</i>	我唔多清楚。 <i>I'm not quite sure.</i>
Něi hui mán sin-shaang. <i>You go ask teacher.</i>	你去問先生。 <i>You go and ask the teacher.</i>
Sin-shaang hai pin-tō? <i>Teacher in which place?</i>	先生係邊度? <i>Where is the teacher?</i>
Sin-shaang hai uk-k'ei. <i>Teacher at home.</i>	先生係屋企。 <i>The teacher is at home.</i>
K'ui kam-yāt yau pēng. <i>He to-day has illness.</i>	佢今日有病。 <i>He is ill to-day.</i>
M-hó so-iù k'ui. <i>Don't disturb him.</i>	唔好騷擾佢。 <i>Don't disturb him.</i>
K'ui yau mat-yě pēng? <i>He has what illness?</i>	佢有乜嘢病? <i>What is wrong with him?</i>
K'ui t'au-t'ung faat-shui. <i>He head-ache fever.</i>	佢頭痛發燒。 <i>He has a headache and fever.</i>
Ngoh iui hui t'au'm k'ui. <i>I must go visit him.</i>	我要去探佢。 <i>I must go and visit him.</i>

Last year, a bright, new, colourful library was created in what used to be a rather dark corner of the basement at Keele campus. The library has changed since its opening day in December, 1971, when those first few students looked in timidly at our rather meagre collection. We are pleased to find that an increasing number of people have become accustomed to coming into the library every day to study, to read the newspapers and magazines, and to borrow the books. The book collection has grown rapidly in the past few months, and has finally stretched itself over to a wall of shelves that were empty a few months ago.

This library, like those on other campuses, has a widely-used reference section, course-related and general-interest books, and a rack of paperback material near the lounge area. It is usually staffed by one Library Technician, although occasionally another will be present to help in preparing new books for the shelves and to assist students and staff members in their search for information. If the information required is not available in this campus library, it may readily be borrowed from one of the other campus libraries.

On the whole, we are pleased with the progress this library has made in so short a time, and we hope that it will continue to be useful to members of this college. Remember, it's your library, and your suggestions are always welcome.

Ellen Harvey

OPINIONS

"Should American textbooks be used in George Brown College?"

Elaine Guees

I feel that American Textbooks should not be used in Canada.

Last semester, Business Administration students used an American Marketing Textbook. The results of getting Canadian facts and statistics was for the student to go to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Is this what a Canadian student should have to do for knowledge of Canadian subjects in a Canadian classroom?

Canada has the publishing companies, the writers, and the books, so let's start to put our books to use. Canadian textbooks are for Canadian students!

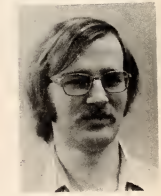


Rob Moore Act. 1

U.S. texts in George Brown. That's a touchy subject. I can summarize my feelings by saying they're both good & bad. That sounds kind of wishy-washy. First you have to classify. Some so-called American texts are really written by Canadians. They give a Canadian slant to a Canadian subject. That's good. We really learn about Canada from the people who know—Canadians.

Then there are American written texts about Canada. Let's face it. They have got to be slanted toward an American viewpoint. That's bad. After all when I want to learn about Japan do I ask the British?

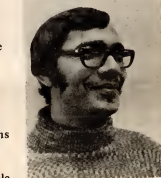
The worst part about American texts are the ones that are written for use in the U.S. and never mention this anywhere in print. Then some 'expert' decides it's a good reference book and uses it in George Brown's course of study. What happens? Most students never find out and think that this American material is true-blue Canadian. One cannot study Canada effectively from an American viewpoint.



Mohamed R. Baksh

I certainly don't! But if suitable Canadian texts cannot be found what are we supposed to use? Answer: American texts! What about books on Technology? Are there any high calibre Canadian texts on this subject? Perhaps we should not be prejudicial for WE can still learn from the Americans I would like to qualify the WE, because for WE means any other nation. But, until Canadians can produce suitable texts, let us thank God that the Americans are still around.

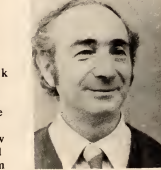
I have found that some teachers would recommend an American textbook that costs \$13.00 and then tell the students that they cannot understand it. The book is then abandoned! Faculty members should be more careful when recommending texts. And if we are going to use American texts, by Jove, let us use the best.



Joseph Gronke

Every man has his personality which determines his ideas and opinions. As there is very little ground for nationalism in my personality, I'm considering the question what textbook we should use. American or Canadian not from a nationalistic point of view. We should use good books which are prepared by skilled and well-educated authors and the best editors, who know how to make them easy to understand and easy for "brain digestion." I mean to memorize and very important with as little as possible of "water" as a "vehicle" for the essential teaching material.

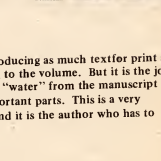
Authors usually are interested in producing as much text for print as possible because their fee is according to the volume. But it is the job of a refined editor to squeeze out the "water" from the manuscript without losing the essential and important parts. This is a very responsible job, because at the very end it is the author who has to accept it.



Penny Gin

In my opinion, it does not matter whether we are using an American text or a Canadian text. In Mathematics, we learn the same method to add and subtract. There is not a great deal of difference between the textbooks.

In fact, we learn additional knowledge besides using a textbook. As in the last semester, our Marketing book was an American text, therefore if we want some information about the Canadian we have to learn something more. So, we have a better chance to learn more knowledge. I think our fellow students also appreciate this idea.



THE BUTT.

He watched them. They were too far away to be heard, drunkenly-yelled word, but he watched them. He didn't know them, nor could he care less what happened to them.

He had been on his way to do something... now, what was it? He couldn't recall... but, he had, somehow, been attracted to the window.

Across the alley way, on the back steps of the church, sitting side by side were two travelling companions, of Ol' John Bartleycorn. One was trying in his drunken stupor, to put his point across. The other, mumbling incoherently, nodded at what seemed to be the apparent times. The watcher decided that the latter was barely listening to the former.

The former, a man with a balding spot on the top of his head, held what was left of his roll-over-own cigarette. It was about an inch in length. During one of his slurred sentences his partner, wearing a black jacket, must have said something about the butt for Baldy, as the watcher called him, made a slow and deliberate movement with his entire arm and held the glowing weed for his friend.

Black Jacket, (as baptised by the watcher) tried to do his bit by raising his hand to try to take the cigarette. He almost made it on his first attempt; but, his hand waved in the air, inches from his treasure.

He tried again.

This time he secured Baldy's forearm with his left hand and stabbed at the cigarette with his right. His eyes were not helping him much. He used his fingers as a blind-man uses Braille, Baldy's wrist, Baldy's knuckles, his fingertips... Ah-ha! Cigarette. Touching the unit end of the butt and exerting only a minimum of pressure he levered the burning end onto Baldy's waiting fingertips.

The cigarette fell to a chorus of quadrilaterals sung by Baldy.

Black Jacket leaned forward to recapture the elusive flag. Unfortunately, in his sitting position, his thighs met with his chest and his outstretched arm dangled inches from his target. From the expression on his face the watcher knew the man was utterly confused.

Baldy to the rescue!

Baldy gently placed his hand on his companion's arm and eased him back to his former position. He then proceeded to bend down and, with his other hand, capture the cigarette. With a look of one-up-man-ship he again offered the prize to his friend.

Success!

Somehow, through the drunken haze that clouded their eyes Baldy handed Black Jacket the cigarette.

Utter failure!

Black Jacket dropped it and it landed in almost the identical spot as before but the watcher could tell that Baldy was not

going to go through the motions again.

Black Jacket must have learned a lesson. This time, on reaching, his knees parted and the trunk of his body passed the once impenetrable gates. His arm reached that target. His hand, fingers extended, surrounded the cigarette like Indians surrounding a group of covered wagons. With painstaking slowness Black Jacket moved his index finger and thumb and grasped his elusive target. He picked it up and brought it to his lips.

He took a drag. He had earned it and the satisfaction showed on his face.

He then proceeded to drop it near his foot. On his third try he successfully crushed the cigarette. Baldy, stared in disbelief, first at the butt-crushed beyond repair-then at his 'friend'.

Without another word, keeping an eye on Black Jacket, he extracted a package of

makings from his pocket. He hadn't finished that other one. And this 'friend' of his crushed it!

He prepared another cigarette. The watcher shook his head sadly and began to walk away. "There, but for the grace of God," he thought, "Thank goodness I gave up smoking."

Tim Dineen

Rice for a Mouse

By

William Kotzwinkle



A mouse lives in our cabin with us. At first, when winter began, he raided our shelves, leaving his characteristic tracks. I decided to make him less of an outlaw and more of a guest. A small tin of brown rice was left out for him, in the wood cupboard, which gives access to his inner chambers, within the walls of the cabin. Each night now, as soon as we retire, we hear him coming through the walls, and then he is at the rice pan, nibbling some, and carrying the rest back to his storehouse. One night, when I forgot to feed him, and was seated by the fire, lost in dreams, I saw his small brown face suddenly, at my feet, looking up at me. He'd come for supper and I hadn't served him. We both quickly hopped to it, me to the rice container and he to his cupboard to receive it.

Around the relationship, there is peace. Our dispute over territory has been settled; we each surrendered something to the other. He is no pet. We've made no attempts to change him to such degree. He is still secure in his instincts and we are forging a new one of our own--coexistence with all that lives--reverence for life as Dr. Schweitzer calls this deep sympathy. Without it, man will continue to isolate himself from every other life form, plunging himself deeper into cosmic loneliness.

The mouse no longer raids the shelves, being content with the rice, and an occasional spot of cooking oil mixed into it. His tiny footsteps in the wall at night are a welcome sound, out here, deep in the woods. It would have been a small thing to kill him, intrap or poison. It is a great thing to live with His Rodentship, as we call

him. We recognize that his world is our world, and we are not separate, neither in diet nor desire. Should his desire bring him a lady-friend in spring and subsequent little ones, we shall face that too. And we will trust in the way of nature to keep us in harmony, neither violating the freedom and happiness of the other.

Listening to him at night going toward his dish, I have imagined myself coming up the dark corridor of the wall for an offering of rice. And he, just this morning, quite unexpectedly came out. He had never before shown himself in daylight. I happened to be without my glasses, so I did not see him too clearly, but he was watching me carefully. And then he returned to his wood cupboard, some small curiosity satisfied in him as to the kind of creatures with whom he shares life.

Surrender to a mouse is against tradition. They'll eat your shoes and hat and gloves, deposit excrement in your bed, and grow to impossible numbers. With gentleness somehow, we will handle the problem when it comes. In no instance will we settle for taking of life as an answer, and we extend this vow to the spider, climbing up the table leg. Into the wood pile with you, sir, carried on a sheet of paper, and blown to safe quarters behind the wood.

Only those who have taken the vow will know the feeling of inner calm, and greater than that, of joyful communication with the things of field and sky. The flies have lived with us in the cabin all winter. Drunk, they swoon and dancing pass along the window frame, their wings cold, their senses numb. I hear one on the floor buzzing on his

back, unable to right himself. His buzzing buzzes through my brain.

I am he, upon the floor, a summer fly out of season, wings stiff, wondering what to do that I might continue the only existence known to me. To be a fly! And so I slip a sheet of paper under his back and carry him over to the window sill, where he sits upright, and stares with his thousand eyes out at the day, his day, our day.

A mouse with her calf stopped by our cabin and stared in through our window. Then, majestic, strange, they travelled on, and they are somewhere now, with themselves and their own dream of life, as real and as precious as my own, standing in the snow drifts, waiting as I am, for spring. I do not need nor want their head, their hide their flesh to sustain my own. My sport, dizzying, wonderfully satisfying, was in seeing them go their own way.

A raucous squirrel looks in the window now if I let it give him bread crumbs in the morning. I trust he will not eat as my snowshoes. And if he does, it is far better than a bullet eating through his head, destroying with one maddening ravage of pain his sensitive nose, eyes, brain.

Yes, they might all eat my valuable papers, and chew the buttons of my vest. But who am I that I should complain of dog-eared pages, and a hole in my suit? My life is neither so long nor fine that I dare shorten some other creature's in favour of my lifeless clothing. I shall trust in life to treat us fairly, if we do nothing to disturb its great and perfect balance. A man who has observed a mouse closely will see all the emotion of his own heart there, in those large curious eyes, in that quivering nose.

This is an enormous undertaking. It is further from our present minds than the moon. For each of us the beginning is an act of kindness toward another living creature. It is, perhaps, the one hope for our own survival, for it is the one emotion which can turn back the tide of war. Rice for a mouse, bread for a squirrel, it will bring good luck to the world, don't doubt it.



Clippings From Keele

From The Principal's Notebook

"Keele Campus Has Had Individual Learning Programs For Over Five Years"

Individual Learning Programs are now the proclaimed objective of the Ontario Secondary School system. There the students of any curriculum group are of approximately the same age, have lived about the same number of years, and are at the same stage in the progressive steps from kindergarten to Grade 13. Despite all these conditions it is no accepted that they are individuals with specific abilities, interests, attitudes and personalities and cannot be kept in lock-step togetherness.

If such be the secondary school case, how much more must be the factor of individuality in the people who enrol in an adult education program. For there these is the wide range in years lived, the quite varied educational background, the differences resulting from the varied time gap since last enrolled in formal education, and the particular personality which has been hammered out over the years on the anvil of success and failure. Coupled with these differences is the fact that while secondary school students start a year always in September and complete it in late spring, adults, particularly in the Manpower program, may start a course at any time in the year and must complete it in a specific number of weeks.

In 1967 the principal at Keele heard the Minister of Manpower in the House of Commons in Ottawa state that a candidate for Manpower training should be able to begin training within a week of the day when he made his personal commitment with the Department to undertake a specific course of retraining.

From that day the policy at Keele was to accept intakes in our courses in any week, rather than waiting to have Manpower accumulate a class sized group once a month, or even less frequently. This automatically created multi-levels and within a year all classes were such, with a few students graduating, a few entering, and the rest spread out along the way according to the individual rate of progress each had been able to attain.

The teacher dominated classroom presentation now could command only a fraction of the attention of the classroom group since they were at different stages in enrolment time, and innately. It was replaced by the brief (two or three minute) lessons to small groups in a low key blackboard gathering, that the others be not distracted. Was not this a return to the best feature of the Little Red School House?

In order that students might know what to do, each was supplied on enrolment with a completely detailed (often programmed learning) outline of what was to be accomplished daily and weekly if all was to be mastered by the Manpower deadline date. All were encouraged to get ahead of schedule and the undertaking had for many the excitement of a race. For the teacher this meant the opportunity to spend most of the time with individuals, lending encouragement, showing them how to overcome difficulties, constantly appraising their accomplishments. Obviously any such teacher must be an expert, at one and the same time, in every phase of the subject or skill being mastered. This created real problems in getting vacation and illness replacements capable of such complete mastery of the curriculum.

After experiment we found that the best replacements in such situations were the brightest students who had worked ahead and had become experts. Not all had the art or the inclination for helping those part way along the road, but those who had, proved invaluable. For years now at Keele our own students have done all our replacements in cases of illness (with resultant savings to the College) as part of their program. Indeed, some of real excellence have been hired later for mid-term break weeks and for summer replacements, but this has only been done when the student's academic credentials have met full the College standard for hiring.

And so at Keele "Teachers have become guides and planners, helping students to learn through the most appropriate means within a frame work of mutually established goals." (Recommendation of Ontario Department of Colleges and Universities.)

"Milestones At Keele"

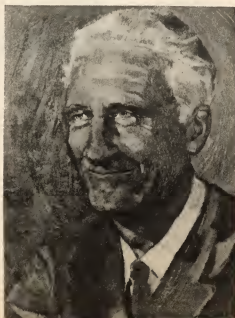
EVENT	DATE	ENROLMENT		
		CORNER-CIAL	OTHER	TOTAL
<u>Opening</u>	July, 1964	94	42	136
<u>1st Anniversary</u>	July, 1965	416	111	527
<u>2nd Anniversary</u>	July, 1966	435	133	568
<u>3rd Anniversary</u>	July, 1967	437	115	552
<u>Start of E.S.L.</u>	Sept. 1967	436	157	593
<u>4th Anniversary</u>	July, 1968	316	404	720
<u>5th Anniversary</u>	July, 1969	211	509	720
<u>Joined C.B. College</u>	Sept. 1969	243	454	697
<u>Closed E.S.L. Annex</u>	Oct., 1969	255	344	599
<u>6th Anniversary</u>	July, 1970	306	294	600
<u>E.S.L. Closed</u>	Sept. 1970	303	116	419
<u>7th Anniversary</u>	July 1971	301	28	329
<u>Closed A.T.S.D.</u>	Jan. 1972	321	-	321
<u>8th Anniversary</u>	July, 1972	250	-	250

The oil painting reproduced below of the principal at Keele Campus, Mr. Allen, is a little unique.

In 1969-70 the S.A.C. executive managed to take a candid camera shot. They took the print to a budding young artist of their acquaintance, Miss C. McMullen by name, and from the print and their comments, she produced the painting.

The first occasion on which she saw the live subject was at the special school assembly called by S.A.C., at which time the finished portrait was presented to the principal to be his personal property. It has been hanging in his office since that time, but will go when he goes on June 30. It was an event full of surprises, chief of which, was the rather flattering likeness achieved by the artist under such unusual conditions.

Gerry Allen,
Principal



Clippings From Keele

Impressions Of Keele Campus

by Emilija Strazds

The members of the administrative staff at Keele Campus are to be congratulated on their superb choice of teachers in the adult re-training program.

Being in the secretarial class, I have met only three teachers: Miss Coulter—Shorthand, Typing, and Office Practice; Miss Collins—English; and Mrs. Irs—Tutorial Typing. Each one of them is superior in her field, and each one is thoroughly dedicated in imparting her knowledge to her students. Although their main concern is to teach the necessary secretarial skills, they are constantly searching for ways to acquaint the students with the social and economic problems of our ever-changing world, so that upon leaving the classroom a student has acquired useful, practical information of what is happening in the field of labour.

Small wonder that graduates of Keele Campus have little trouble in finding excellent, well-paid jobs. And that is, of course, the primary reason for the existence of adult re-training programs. Love Keele Campus!



VALEDICTORIAN JAUNITO ALEJANDRIA AT KEELE CAMPUS' 89th GRADUATION ON THE 28th APRIL. ON HIS RIGHT IS MR. ALLEN, PRINCIPAL OF KEELE CAMPUS.

Homosexuality And Today's Homophile Movements

by Sheila Marie Sword

My reasons for choosing this topic are as follows:

- 1) Homosexuality is a subject which has long been shrouded in myth and misinformation.
- 2) It is an issue of paramount importance in the area of human rights.
- 3) Prejudice and ignorance have taken their toll in human suffering, and if we can dispel some of the old myths and misinformation, then this project will have been worth while.

On the day we held the oral discussion in class, a friend of mine, Charles Hill from the Community Homophile Association of Toronto, was kind enough to come to George Brown on my invitation. He was most informative and shed light upon many aspects of living as a homophile in a predominantly heterosexual culture.

Homophile is a word derived from the Greek words "homo" meaning "same" and "phile" meaning "loving". Homophile organizations have sprung up all over the country, and serve the homophile in many areas ranging from personal counselling and social activities to working towards the extension of civil rights, and equality under the law.

Homosexuality has always existed, and in some cultures has been accepted as a very ordinary fact of life. In the ancient Greek civilization, for example, bisexuality was a way of life—at least for men.

The prejudice against homosexual activity dates back to biblical times when prolific procreation was very necessary to the survival of the race.

Throughout Judeo-Christian culture, sex outside of marriage and procreation have always been considered "sinful". Until the seventeenth century, uniformity of religious belief was considered necessary to a country's well-being, and worshipping according to one's conscience was considered heretical, sinful, et cetera. Until the twentieth century, uniformity of sexual expression was considered necessary to society's well-being, and acting according to one's conscience was, and still is to some degree, considered perverted and immoral.

However, now that psychiatrists have been relegated to the position of the "high priests of society", today's trend is to explain homosexuality as a "mental illness" rather than a moral aberration.

Last year the Clarke Institute gave out a press release stating that

homosexuals are not sick, not perverted, but a minority group—incidentally the second largest minority group in Canada after French Canadians—and that most of their problems stemmed from non-acceptance in a predominantly heterosexual culture. This is an unusually enlightened view from a psychiatric institute.

Most psychiatrists and psychologists have based their opinions of homosexuals on their homosexual patients. They have immediately assumed that the patient's homosexuality is a disturbance in itself.

Naturally, homosexuals who are psychiatric patients can be considered emotionally disturbed, but so can heterosexuals. No doctor would condemn all heterosexual activity on the basis of emotional disturbance in his heterosexual clientele.

A strong strain of erotophobia (anti-sexuality) runs through the Judeo-Christian culture we live in.

Children are born sexually free and are directed by life patterns into various expressions of sexuality. It should be recognized that sexuality is not fixed, but is always changing because life is always changing. Sexuality is in a state of flux.

Most homophiles certainly have problems, but the problems are not caused by their homosexuality; rather they are caused by heterosexual bigotry and an inability of our society to tolerate anything or anyone differing from the accepted norm.

The homophile, like members of other minority groups, often accepts society's low opinion of himself, and this results in self-hatred and a feeling of worthlessness. He often feels that he must "pass for straight" to keep a job, to be accepted by his heterosexual friends, or to keep the love and respect of his family.

However, many homophile men and women are now "coming out". They are demanding equal protection with other minority groups against job discrimination and police harassment. They are demanding the right to be respected as they are, and to be allowed to live in peace like other human beings.

Everything I have written here applies equally to female homosexuals. Many people do not realize that the terms "homosexual" and "homophile" apply to lesbians. Everything I have written here also includes bisexuals, (those capable of forming a relationship with either sex.)

In closing I'd like to leave you with this thought—"The trouble with the world is not that some people prefer to make love differently, but that so few really love at all".



RECENTLY ELECTED SAC OFFICERS AT KEELE CAMPUS. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, GORDON HUNSLEY, KAREN ALMER, GALE RICHMOND, ARTHUR HINCHCLIFFE.

Sociology In Business

A Discussion by R. McMillan

Sociology is the study of human behaviour. Even if it is not mistaken for the study of social work, it is often presumed to be a science that should best be left to its scientists. This should not be so. An objective look at human behavior will not only illuminate our own actions and reactions, but will also bring into focus the actions and reactions of people around us.

Research is a vital part of any sociological work, and one must trust sociologists to establish theory, prove it through research, and present a conclusion. But then, one may take such a conclusion and apply it to one's own purposes. Institutions and formalized social groups, such as offices, have, for many years, been the subject for sociological study and research, and it is thus that sociology becomes relevant to someone who works in an office.

SOCIOLOGY IN BUSINESS

1. Social organization is the coordination of a network of relationships; it is an umbrella of cultural patterns, which dictate the way in which we function as a society. We usually refer to it as "civilization". When we speak of a "civilized" way of doing things, for example, we mean the way which is in accordance with the patterns of our society.

2. Formalized social groups represent a large part of our western civilization. Most of us are members of one or more such groups. Their basic ingredients are:

- a. A common membership: Every member is aware of his membership.
- a. A common set of rules: The rules are understood and accepted; they apply to all members.
- c. A division of labour: Work is divided into specialties, executed by specialists.

Businesses, by their very nature, are formalized groups. The following is a structural pattern which applies to most businesses.

- a. A name, ("The Sell-Well Advertising Agency").
- b. A goal outline, (the promotion of products).
- c. Division of labour, (the manager manages, the typist types).
- d. A set of rules, (working hours, clothing rules, promotion standards, company policies).
- e. Property, (office space, business telephone, equipment).

THIRD WORLD

Marie Perle

we are the rumour of life
growing—
smothered in asphalt
through steel slats

in the alligator's belly
we sit
under sidewalks
in a concrete caul
we are the pulse of the world
pounding—
an orange—peel
feeding time—top
our collective beating love
is the terror of the gods.

Personnel substitution. (the testforany well-functioning business is whether the replacement of any member has disreputconsequences).
g. Formalized pattern of interaction, (behaviour is formal and impersonal).

h. A structure of authority, (pyramid of statuses and their importance within the business).

Whether or not one knows of these points may not be very important, but an awareness of their existence may make it easier for one who will have to work in a business to adapt to his business life.

The secretary that calls the vice-president by his first name and begs the manager to deliver messages does not misbehave in terms of the ordinary code of behaviour, but she does in terms of the business code of behaviour. Since the rules of behaviour are very seldom written down in the office manuals, and since the general code of good behaviour is not always applicable in an office, she would be wise to investigate.

3. The structure of authority holds the key to much information. "Pecking order" is a term we hear often when reference is made to the structure of authority within a business. It is derived from the result of a psychological research project on chickens. It was found that chickens establish among themselves a more or less permanent order of feeding privileges. They arrive at this order by pecking one another into a place in the row appropriate to their strength and audacity, hence "pecking order". Applied metaphorically, the term is the illustration of a pattern that can be found within the most democratically run businesses.

A clue to one's place in the pecking order may be found in its matching bundle of benefits: therefore, one's salary is a good indication of one's standing. Within the civil service this is quite clearly so; within private business the status may be elaborated with fringe-benefits and symbolic benefits such as honorary privileges.

This then indicates that statuses fall into a certain order. The order is not arbitrarily defined by the head of an organization, but is the result of history and culture; it is, to us, the logical application of priority and importance, money usually being the chief object of concern.

4. The statuses in business are achieved through training and experience. They are the goals we aim for and the job descriptions which we ourselves apply. All statuses have a matching role. It is the quality of role-performance that will ultimately determine the permanence of the status and the pleasure and other benefits derived from it.

CONCLUSION

In order to function properly in business, as a secretary, for example, it is not sufficient to achieve the basic mechanical skills. It is our peripheral knowledge, our awareness of social patterns, our alertness to silent forms of communication, and our social graces, derived from the culture of our society, which will determine whether we will perform the role of a secretary satisfactorily.



PAT WRIGGLESWORTH BEING CONGRATULATED UPON GRADUATION BY HARRY BALLANTYNE, CHAIRMAN OF BUSINESS & COMMERCE



MARNIE GRAIANO A TYPING REFRESHER STUDENT BEING ASSISTED BY MISS J.A. NISHINO OF THE STAFF

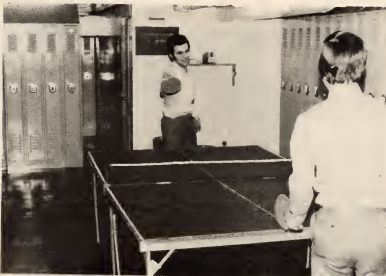
Forkner Shorthand

by Lesley Hligins

Forkner is an excellent new form of shorthand. It is fairly easy to learn because one uses the letters of the alphabet. Words are written exactly as they sound, with single letters standing for different prefixes. There are also a few symbols short-forms for frequently used words.

In the forty week Secretarial Course at George Brown College, students have graduated with speeds of up to 140 w.p.m. The basic outlines, once learned, are easily remembered due to the fact that they resemble the words they represent. More than hard work and a lot of studying and memorizing, I found Forkner to be more of a word game. It takes only about half the course to learn the outlines, and the rest of the time is used to develop speed. If you learn your outlines well, it is then a matter of how quickly you write that determines your speed.

I found my shorthand course very challenging, and I feel a great deal of satisfaction when I take down a letter at 120w.p.m. and am able to type it up in mailable form.



PING PONG AT KEELE CAMPUS

Impressions Of Keele Campus

By Susan Lucking

George Brown College, Keele Campus, is a school for the retraining of the unemployed. It is strategically situated several streets south of a meat slaughter house in one of Toronto's not-so-aiiy- areas. The red brick block, generously called "campus," has perhaps not suffered so greatly by its awful, unenviable location. But, those of us who, in order to reach it, must pass that smoking slaughter spot and smell the boiling blood and hear the screams of fated pigs, riding their last road, will remember Keele Campus and cry.

And we will remember more: the ugly yellow walls and airless halls and a smoky underground lunchroom, blasting beat sounds and television quiz programs and empty conversation. We will remember the monotony of drills and drumming sentences, the struggle to pay the bills and beat the traffic to reach a college camped across a city by 9:00 each day.

But most of all, we must remember that it has offered us, the drop-out, driftaround, undone, done down, untrained, unemployed, a chance to cheat the system and start again where we fell off and onto the mercy of men who control the game. Simply said, it has given us jobs; we can't complain.



DANA HALILI BEING CONGRATULATED UPON GRADUATION BY MRS. NAYLOR OF THE STAFF

Women's Fashions In India And Pakistan

by Edith Isaac

Historical, religious, and geographical factors have each played a very major part in this development of women's fashions in Indo-Pakistan, over the ages.

Till 1947 India and Pakistan stop stop till 1947 India and Pakistan were one big country where people of different social, historical, and religious background lived together.

Centuries ago all the inhabitants were rightful dwellers of India and their religion was Hinduism. Later on came the Muslim invaders from up North and they brought their religion, customs, and fashions to India. Gradually these two communities intermingled, and each influenced the other in various ways—especially in the sphere of fashion.

Women, as we all know, are more susceptible to fashion than men and so the Hindu and Muslim women have shared their dresses from the past to the present.

The climate is hot in summer, but up North in winter, it can be very cold. It is, therefore, natural that the people dress accordingly. The dresses are mostly long, flowing, and fairly loose, ideal for summer and winter.

The sari is the most common and the most graceful dress of which our country can be proud. It is one long piece of material six yards to be precise. It is worn with a small blouse best known as the "Choli". It comes in various materials, right from the very cheapest cotton to the most expensive silks. It can be heavily worked in gold and silver threads or can be very plain. This is one dress which has been quite constant in maintaining the same length. Though women have tried the latest trend of the "mini" length, this has hopelessly failed. The beauty of this dress lies in its length. There are a few variations in the way a sari is worn from one province to another.

Another dress which is commonly worn and looks very smart is the "Shalwar Kameez". The Shalwar is a gathered trouser-like dress and the Kameez is the top. Along with this dress is worn a head-shoulder scarf known as the "Dupatta"—a must for women where modesty is still

Cont'd page 8.

the ugliness that walls conceal is footsteps on the other side dragging wretched lives along the grease—way of the failure—rusted halls in death wombs for the fallen. he cooks his beans with bloodysteaks, washing the pans in bathroom sinks. an old man eats with honour at his meal.

he returns to walls and hours from his walks in paper parks, hoping for some change in sad routine.

but the key finds no surprise below the door. sometimes some cats have come

to share his liver scraps, and then there is the cleaner for the carpet once a year.

but sadly now his hopes fade in the yellowing white walls, and with the sun falls the failure of old age

Susan Lucking

Clippings From Keele Cont'd

who is tied down to looking after children while her husband enjoys wider contacts and more varied experience is resentful. All too often this provides misunderstanding and a basis for conflict.

Another disadvantage is the devaluation of the job of homemaking. All paycheques are made out to the husband. The poor housewife is dependent on her husband for all financial benefits.

The woman who has spent her entire life at home receives a severe shock when her children mature and leave home. Another difficult experience happens if the husband should die before the wife. The woman often finds it very difficult to adjust to widowhood because of her strong dependence on her husband and the narrowness of her interests.

Many conservative people advocate that the oppression of women is necessary so the economy can be maintained. If keeping women in the home is the answer to a successful economy, then I believe it should collapse as soon as possible. Women are too important not to be involved in the shaping of our world.

If women would believe that civilization would improve only when they become involved in it wholly, perhaps they would take a more active role in all aspects of society.



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WALLY

OUT AND ABOUT

This is the last month of school and the first month of true spring, and surely a month to come out of hiding and take a look at what's going on around Toronto.

If you haven't taken the tour before, "THE TORONTO HARBOR AND ISLANDS TOUR" is a good idea. The tour takes you through the waters of the island chain, past the historical hull of the "TRILLIUM" and gives you a marvellous view of the Toronto skyline. Tour boats depart hourly from the foot of Bay Street, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. seven days a week. Admission is Adults \$2.00 and children under 12 for \$1.00.

May is also the month of festivals. The Metropolitan United Church, Queen and Church Sts. is having its "SPRING FESTIVAL" May 12, 13, and 14. The Pickering Township

Festival in the hamlets of Whitevale, Greenwood and Borougham will be on the 13 and 14 of May.

The Leaside Memorial Arena, 1073 Milwood Rd. is having a "BEER FESTIVAL" May 13 from 4 p.m. to 1 a.m. This festival features along with the food and beer, dancing to the sounds of an "oom-pa-pa" band from Kitchener. Admission is \$3.00 a person admission price including a stein of beer.

For movie goers, best bets are "THE GODFATHER" at the Imperial Theatre on Yonge Street. Paramount pictures stars Marlon Brando in the title role of the movie version of Mario Puzo's best selling novel.

Two big concerts coming up at Massey Hall are THE JEFF BECK GROUP Monday May 8th at 9 o'clock, and "THE HISTORY OF ROCK AND ROLL" on Friday May 19th featuring BILL HAILEY AND THE COMETS and Saturday May 20th featuring the incredible CHUCK BERRY. Tickets are available at Sam's.

On Sunday June 4th Martin Onrot presents "JETHRO TULL IN CONCERT" at Maple Leaf Gardens. Tickets for this go on sale Monday May 8th at Sam's.

And for the outdoorsman and the adventurer the city of Toronto presents "TIPPO THROUGH THE CARBAGE" and "NIGHTLY RAT HUNT" featured daily in Toronto Parks.

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There's an argument to the effect that people who play golf really aren't athletes, and it's a good argument at this time of year.

If you're like 99 per cent of golfers, you haven't picked up a club since fall, much less swung one. You haven't walked up and down hills, pulling a cart. Your exercise has been limited, and the first time you start to play, you're going to pay for the neglect of your body with sore muscles.

So get in shape. Do some walking or jogging. Cut down on taxi rides if you're only going five or six blocks. Twist your torso from side to side a few minutes each day. Pick up a club and just swing it. You've got to be flexible, so start getting your body used to it.

If that sounds too strenuous, and you don't play very well anyway, then there's another part of golf called putting. Ben Hogan used to call it a different game entirely. So get your putting touch back on the rug at

home. Work on the fundamentals — lining yourself up, stroking the ball, rhythm of the swing.

Or, go to a fitness expert such as Lloyd Percival and get some help with exercises to strengthen specific muscles used in golf.

It's also possible that over the winter, you've forgotten a good part of your swing. Once you're ready to play, go and see your Canadian PGA professional for a refresher lesson. He'll help you recall the basics and put you in the right frame of mind.

Your professional can spot in a moment what's been causing that hook or slice that almost drove you batty last summer. And for the price of a dozen golf balls (which you would have lost by mid-June), you can get expert advice right from the start. Professionals like Jack Nicklaus will go for a lesson after a long layoff, and if what is good for Jack Nicklaus isn't good enough for you, then you can quit reading this right now.

Assuming you are not as good as Nicklaus, then do what he

does. You will probably recoup your investment in lessons by the bets you have won before the rest of your cronies get their game in shape.

You should also be looking after your equipment, which no doubt will be as rusty as you are.

Wash the woods in warm, soapy water and scrub the faces with a soft-bristled brush. When dry, apply a very light coat of paste wax, buff to a shine, and repeat the procedure.

A little steel wool will take rust off your irons. If they're too bad, then you might have to have them sent out to be refinished. Work a little saddle soap into the leather grips. Clean moulded grips with a little soap and water.

Oil your cart. Wipe your bag with a damp cloth and a little household cleaner. Polish your shoes and THIS year, get some shoe trees. Get out your practice balls and do what one guy we know does — put them in the automatic washer and turn the control to the 'delicate fabric' setting.

Summer

Bowling



5 PIN...3 GAMES for \$1.

Night Students:

1-3 p.m.

Day Students:

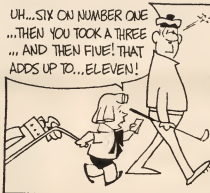
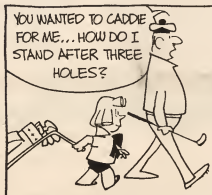
3:30-5:30 p.m.

OLYMPIA BOWL
on EDWARD

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THE BORN LOSER



by Art Sansom

SNOOKER TOURNNEY

MAY 25

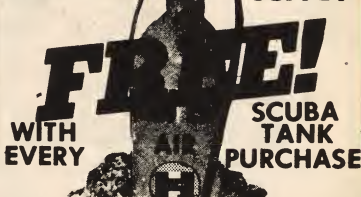
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EXT. 173

STUDENT GOLF TOURNAMENT

MAY 27th

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3 RING CIRCUS

**COMING
SOON...**



Attention Readership Survey

WE WOULD APPRECIATE YOUR CO-OPERATION IN COMPLETING THE FOLLOWING SURVEY TO HELP DETERMINE THE PATH THE GLOBE WILL FOLLOW IN THE FUTURE.

CIRCLE the appropriate number / check the appropriate square where necessary.

Classification: Student..... 1 If student: Post Secondary 1 TEAR HERE
Support Staff..... 2 Apprentice 2
Faculty..... 3 Manpower 3
Administration..... 4 Other 4

Campus MacPherson 1
Casa Loma 2 TEAR HERE
Kensington 3
Teraulay 4
colleg
College 5
Bloor 6
Keele 7 TEAR HERE

1. Is the College Globe readily available to you on a regular basis? Yes 1 No 2

2. How often do you pick up copies of the Globe?

Every issue 1
Most Issues 2
Occasionally 3
Never 4

3 (a) How much of the paper do you read?

	1 Much	2 Some	3 None
News	1		
Personal Column	2		
Entertainment	3		
Sports	4		
Editorial	5		
Features	6		
Cartoons	7		
Advertisements	8		
Pictures	9		

3 (b) How many other people read your copy? 1 or 2 1
3 or more 2
none 3

4. What is your reaction to the following features of the Globe?

	Like	Dislike	If dislike, please explain.
Overall appearance-1			
Typography-2			
Layout-3			
Quality of Writing-4			
Use of Vulgar Language-5			
Opinions Expressed-6			
Photographs-7			
Comics-8			
Advertisements-9			

5. Who should be responsible for the policy of the Globe?

Editor 1
Administration 2
Faculty 3
Advisory Board 4
Student Committee 5

6. Should students get academic credit for working on the Globe in jobs related to their course?

Yes 1 No 2

7. If credit were given, would you work on the Globe?

Yes 1 No 2

8. Additional comments or suggestions for improvement.

Thank you very much for your co-operation

The Editor